

FORD TIMES



march 1951



Bolinas Village, a California "Tom Sawyer Town," mapped by Parker Edwards. See story on page 2, by J. Ray Corliss.

FORD TIMES

March, 1951

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My Tom Sawyer Town—

Bolinas, California

by J. Ray Corliss

paintings by Parker Edwards

AUNT POLLY probably would have fretted considerable to have wet sea-sand added to the things that were forever being dragged into her parlor—Missouri clay was bad enough. And Miss Watson's man, Jim, would find the summer mists driving off the Pacific pretty cold going.

But Tom and Huck would like Bolinas just fine.

It's the kind of town that shows some respect for a boy's right to range around a little. A sugar-hogshead hat and most any kind of clothes will do and there's plenty to be done besides being dismal regular.

Surprising, all this, in a small, sort of left-over village that's just twenty-eight miles up the coast from cosmopolitan San Francisco. From Bolinas, on a rare clear day, you can see the outside of the Golden Gate and the west part of the city laid out white and gleaming around the spires of St. Ignatius Cathedral.

Surprising too, how lazy and tolerant Bolinas is, and undiscovered. All anyone asks of a boy is that he doesn't fall off in the channel when the tide is running deep and strong there. And maybe that he leave his baby octopus on the porch during lunch. Of course it is well known that Tom Sawyer and Joe Harper were wont to take small beetles and ticks and other live items into the school room for their own amusement and the enlightenment of the audience. And once, you remember, a vagrant poodle who had wandered into church sat down upon one of these beetles which had escaped from



Coast Guard Wharf is a favorite gathering place for Bolinas boys.

THE story of Bolinas, California, which begins on the opposite page, is the first of a series of "Tom Sawyer Towns." A Tom Sawyer Town can be almost anywhere in the United States, as long as it is a good place for boys and girls to live and grow. It represents the background of youth, with its triumphs and disappointments, its school days, its summer vacations, its vast adventures in fishing, swimming, baseball, basking and dreaming in the sun. Such a place is Bolinas.

The Bolinas Rummage Sale, an annual event sponsored by the village→

Tom, and resulting yowls from the outraged dog desecrated an otherwise sleepy Sabbath. But there is something about an octopus—even a baby one.

Like the rest of Marin County, the area used to be part of a Spanish land grant. Then the Yankees moved in and began using it as a lumber loading point. They snaked redwood logs from the hills with oxen and sailed them down to build pre-fire San Francisco. As the hills were cut over they became prime grazing land for cattle.

Bolinas never did make a very good harbor, even for small commercial fishing craft. The bar blocking the lagoon from the sea shifts too much, and Duxbury Reef, hooking around to the north, has broken the ribs of too many ships. The climate, wet with fogs and rains, rules it out as a popular sea-side resort.

All that remains is a hardy village, known to comparatively few, which looks a bit like a New England town waiting for tall schooners which never come. There are two streets, one commercial and one residential, set at right angles. The stores start at the channel and run along the lagoon. The homes end at the black sand beach.

A few times a year Bolinas boils into community activity.

The few permanent residents of Bolinas are either retired or long distance commuters to Mill Valley and San Francisco. "Summer people" make up the remainder. Together, the two groups form a loose and workable federation, the Bolinas Club, which replaces more formal incorporation. They concern themselves with upkeep of the tennis court, the condition of the bulkheads which shore up the clay bluffs by the beach, and the annual Clean-Up Day. Work is usually done on a mass basis and invariably accompanied by a mountainous lunch served on the tennis court.

A doughty mother of five runs an annual rummage sale in the interest of the Presbyterian Church. Always successful, the sales show a distressing tendency among boys to buy back the very items their mothers contributed.

The season's biggest social event is the Firemen's Ball. Returns have furnished the volunteer department with a splendid big engine which works mainly as the yearly feature of the Fourth of July parade.

Duck hunting on the lagoon north of town, on a main flyway→



Clam digging in the mud of the lagoon at low tide→

Even on the short business street there are gardens everywhere, full of old-fashioned geraniums, hydrangeas, Shasta daisies, and primroses. Up on the bluffs, where the shingle houses are gray with weather, each yard has broom, heather, lavender and honeysuckle. In the spring, the hills turn blue with lupine, wild lilac, and iris and the nasturtiums grown house-high in the cedar of Lebanon trees.

Most important, though, are the things a boy treasures. There's no big slow river, of course, such as Tom had, but a life-sized ocean isn't a bad substitute. Rafts aren't much use but they do say that a live penguin and a dead boa constrictor came ashore a few years back. Overboard, apparently, from a passing ship.

In fact, it's the ocean, the coast, and the lagoon that provide the primary wonderland for youth in Bolinas.

Take a minus tide, for instance. When the moon somehow mysteriously pulls the water way out from the beach and reef, one of the finest cockleclam patches on the coast is exposed. Then everyone in town turns out, armed with a hoe and bucket, to scramble over the clam-packed rocks. No man-made park or toy store can ever hope to match the strange shallow-water world where land and sea meet. Hunting there, among the starfish and small shelled creatures, is endless fun.

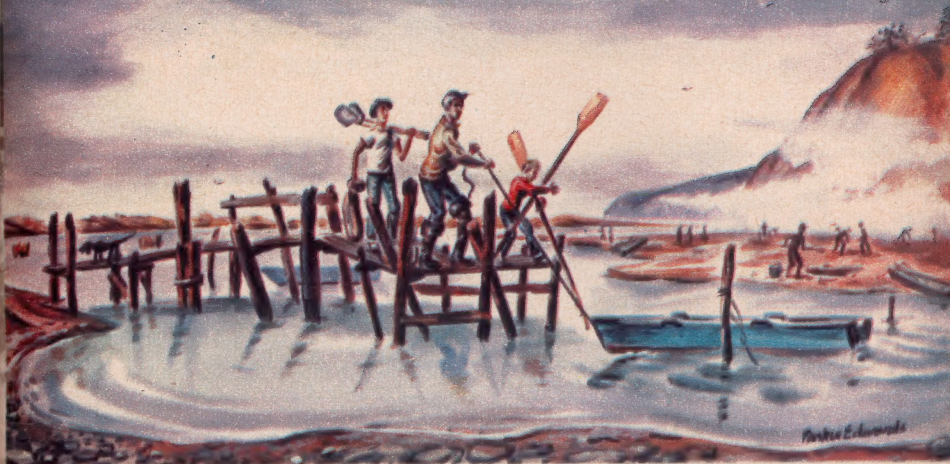
It is a treasure house that forever replenishes itself. Green glass fish floats from the farthest East ride in on the Japan current. Fine, salt-bleached driftwood, with a history to be guessed into every piece, can easily be cut and polished for a mother's parlor or patio.

Or, on a foggy morning, the muddy lagoon bottom may lie exposed to exploring. Then the smaller lads watch for air holes of the Washington or gooey-duck clams while the older boys follow with shovels and gunny sacks.

The beach is narrow and the water is usually cold. To the ruggedest of fathers, the knee-line is usually the limit. But no boy has yet been known to refuse the challenge of the water.

From the beach or the rocky points a throw-line may bring in sea bass, bull heads, or sand dabs. Behind the stores in the village, or off the channel bank, there's a chance at striped bass, perch, smelt, or steelhead trout. Out among the duck-blinds in the lagoon, rowing over the long-neck clam beds, a

A minus tide exposes a clam patch. Everyone comes→



Along the beach the Japan current leaves driftwood and souvenirs →

homemade spear can bring up stingrays.

A main duck route passes over the lagoon and occasionally the geese, tuned to some wild and secret beam, pass high and quick.

Wandering the coastal cliffs and headlands, through the wire grass and the salt brush, gives a fine, lonesome feeling of ownership. Everywhere, the bluffs are covered by varieties of succulents, the plants which live on mists. And the cypress hedges, eucalyptus, and pine groves, their trunks black with the damp, give off strong and friendly odors.

From up there, too, rusty freighters, lumber schooners and gleaming liners can be watched till they are only a smoky smudge. And often the San Francisco fishing fleets work in close after the salmon, crab, halibut, and rock or ling cod.

Other, wilder, beaches, like the one where Sir Francis Drake wintered, are nearby for the finding:

A boy's legs, or his bike, can turn up a lot of pleasant places in Marin—sunny hills, ferny canyons, and streams or lakes where the simplest tackle can bring in trout. Mt. Tamalpais, a fairly easy walk from Bolinas, has many quiet, secret places.

Even the nearby towns, like Olema, Inverness, and Bodega have a drowsily friendly feeling. And a bike brings into range the warm swimming holes among the redwoods on Lagunitas Creek or the deer and quail of the San Geronimo or Nicasio valleys.

Just up the coast is Ft. Ross, marking the farthest penetration of the Russians. Added to the ghosts of the Spanish grandees, the local lore of Drake and his men, the Indians, the '49ers and the Yankee traders, the area is a fine springboard for peopling a boy's dreams of the past.

He can remember that Sir Francis Drake's ship, the *Golden Hind*, once put in not too far from here, and found a "convenient and fit harborough," where his men could rest and sharpen their cutlasses and plan the spending of their gold. And it will give credence to his pirate play to recall the boldness of his playground's history.

Yes, Tom and Huck would like Bolinas. It's boys' country—where there's a long lift and roll to the sea, and the wind gets a good, fresh run at the world.

The beach at all times is a focal point for small fry and elders →



Victoria Arrives

photograph by Edgar Carlson

FORD EMPHASIS on smartness and styling is heightened this month with the appearance of the Victoria, a strong bidder for top place in the new steel top, convertible-type category. The Victoria combines full sweep front, rear, and side vision, with the all-weather security of a steel top.

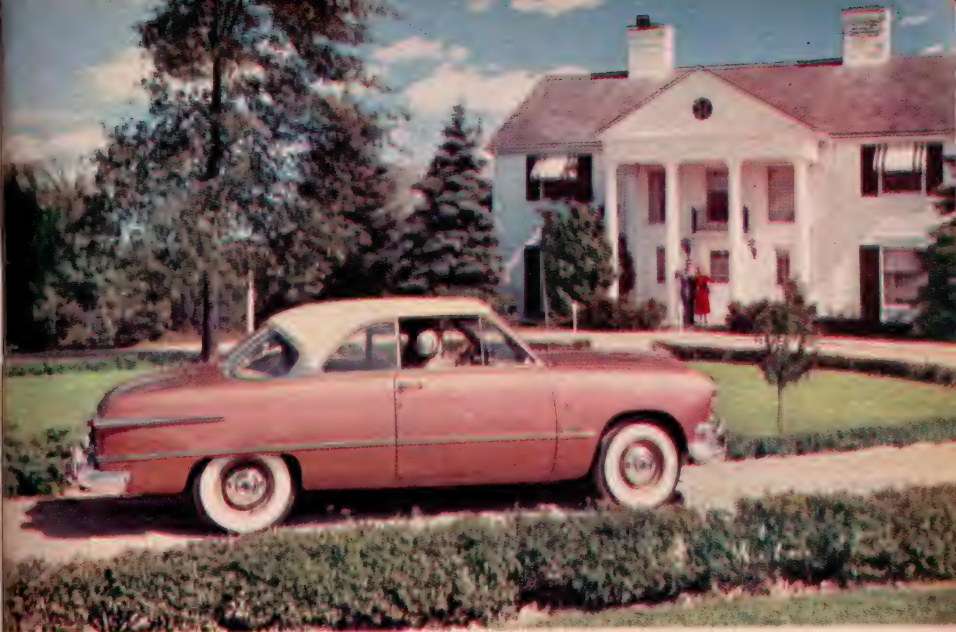
New colors, both solid and two-tone, along with new upholstery fabrics and trim, give wide variety to the Victoria. Combinations available are brown chalk stripe Bedford cord upholstery trimmed in brown leather in the Mexacalli Maroon Metallic model and in the Hawaiian Bronze Metallic model with beige top, pictured opposite.

Other upholstery and body color combinations are: gray chalk stripe Bedford cord and gray leather with Raven Black, Alpine Blue, and Alpine Blue with Silvertone Gray top; green chalk stripe Bedford cord and green leather with Sea Island Green, Hawthorne Green Metallic, Greenbrier Metallic with Sea Island Green top, Sea Island Green with Raven Black top, and Sportsman's Green with Raven Black top.

The new model is distinguished by a smaller Ford crest medallion set in the chrome area on each side where the back of the top is joined to the belt line. These are in addition to the regular front and rear crests and a new V-8 chrome insignia on each front fender.

Other new 1951 features included in the Victoria are a redesigned hood ornament, recessed headlight rims and restyled parking lights, back panel moulding connecting with side moulding, a redesigned deck lid handle, and new taillights incorporating a chrome windsplit and other ornamentation giving a wider rear view appearance. New massive chrome hub caps have also been added.

An outstanding feature of the interior is the new instrument panel with controls relocated in individually lighted recesses. The Victoria's 100 hp V-8 engine is started by merely turning the ignition key, and heater controls are an integral part of the instrument panel. Window regulators and door handles have been restyled in a one-piece design. The steering wheel takes on a more modern look with a large triangular horn button and a full circle horn ring assembly. Units equipped



The new Ford Victoria in Hawaiian Bronze Metallic with beige top.

with the Fordomatic transmission have a newly styled selector lever, indicator, and dial, while conventional and overdrive transmission models will have a new color for the gear lever.

The new automatic transmission is a combination of the better points of the hydraulic torque converter and planetary gearing, providing a flexible, smooth, and economical flow of power.

The Victoria has the newly styled Ford radiator grille which carries on the appearance of distinction that was outstanding in the '49 and '50 grilles. The 1951 front end has a wider, lower, and more massive look because of the new grille's "twin turret" design.

Important among the improvements is the new spring suspension system that incorporates automatic ride controls.

Other miscellaneous features include new color and identifying names for hood control and hand brake handles, a new ignition and trunk key design incorporating the Ford crest, restyled sun visors, and new hardware for sun visor brackets, ash trays, robe cord brackets, and coat hooks. ■

Snowplanes in Yellowstone

story and photographs by Ray Atkeson

AMONG the thousands of visitors who pour through Yellowstone National Park from June to September, it is a rare individual who fails to remark, "I wonder what it's like in winter? What do people *do*, anyway?"

Three garage mechanics of West Yellowstone, Montana, which is the western gateway to the park, fill in the long winter months with a new sport which would make the tourists green with envy, if they knew about it. As a matter of fact, anyone who happens to pass that way can share the boys' fun, at least to some degree.

Walt Stuart, Gene Coppinger and Woody Bartlett, with the help of Andy Ward, have each constructed a snowplane for skimming over the deep winter snows that bury the park from December through March.

Each plane consists of a body similar to that of a light airplane, mounted on four huge ski-like runners, and accommodating one person besides the pilot. The two front runners are steered in the same manner as an automobile's front wheels, and the propeller at the rear of the plane is powered by a 220-horsepower Lycoming aircraft engine. Steering gear and springs are from Model A Fords. Walt Stuart estimates the cost of the planes at about \$2,000 each.

Snowplanes of similar design are fairly common in Montana, Wyoming and Idaho, but few are as elaborate or powerful as these three at West Yellowstone. Most of them are merely a means of conveyance enabling winterbound ranchers to inspect their stock, or to travel to nearby towns or neighboring ranches. A few are made on order by garages, but

Above, right: Snowplanes, traveling over the Grand Loop Road, take winter visitors into the park to see Old Faithful erupt. Below, right: A snowplane—the only means of access to the park in winter—skims along the bank of the Firehole River.



The Fountain Paint Pots, one of Yellowstone's most famous natural features, are even more spectacular in winter.

most of them are constructed by the ranchers themselves. They are one-man jobs, and some are not even enclosed. They rarely have engines of more than 100 horsepower.

In contrast, the planes that Stuart and his buddies have built are veritable hot rods on skis. They have been clocked at 110 mph in impromptu races on the frozen surface of Yellowstone Lake, and their many refinements include heaters and defrosters. Self-starters became a "must" after a couple of close calls with buffaloes in remote sections of the park. It's a bit difficult to try to twist a propeller for a quick getaway while an angry buffalo is getting ready to charge.

With their snowplanes the three mechanics can venture into sections of the park which even in summer are visited only by a few rangers and other hardy individuals. Standard equipment for these trips includes snow shoes or skis, blankets, emergency rations and an ax. Visitors are not taken along, for most of them would be unable to ski or snowshoe out

under their own power if the plane should become disabled.

They can, however, take an unofficial and unscheduled snow-plane excursion into the park as far as Old Faithful geyser. Since all traffic is barred from the park in winter, the Grand Loop Road makes a convenient and reasonably safe runway. Ranger ski stations along the way would provide shelter in an emergency. Even at 35 to 40 mph, this is a thrilling ride, especially if the rider permits himself to dwell on the fact that there are no brakes.

The round trip rate from West Yellowstone to Old Faithful is \$25. Ample time is allowed for sight seeing, and with good reason. Elk, deer, coyotes and water fowl find the waters of the geyser-fed streams an attractive winter home, with abundant food, and they can be seen along the way. Yellowstone in winter is one of the most scenic places imaginable. The hundreds of geysers and brilliantly-colored hot water pools for which it is distinguished among all other national parks are at their steaming best in a setting of unbroken snow and silent cold. ■

For further information about snowplane trips into Yellowstone, write to Andy Ward, Stagecoach Inn, West Yellowstone, Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, winter caretakers at Old Faithful Inn, greet some friendly visitors at their cabin door. →





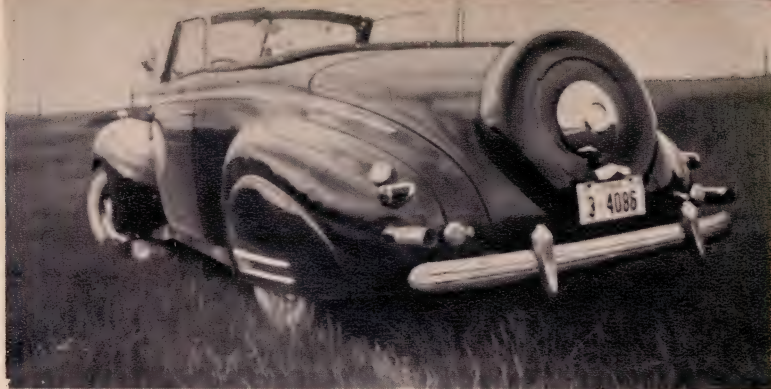
CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott

THE '47 F-8 "Locomotive" shown above replaces an old standard rail coach as the official inspection car of the Great Northern Railway's Cascade Division. The car is used for quick inspections of main and branch lines between Seattle and Wenatchee, and runs safely at high speeds on regular train orders. The pneumatic tires are flanged to hold on to the rails, and the tie rods are now stationary so that no steering is required. Between trips the inspection car is kept in a roundhouse at Interbay, a suburb of Seattle.

The job of customizing the '39 Mercury pictured on the next page (above) is the work of Joseph Gallagher of the Peyton Motor Co., Ford dealer of Waukon, Iowa. Gallagher replaced the original running boards with panels welded into an integral unit between body and fenders.

The metal spare tire cover was made up of junk parts and recessed into the trunk lid. Dual exhaust pipes extend through



the rear fenders, terminating on the outside in chrome stacks. The convertible was painted with "fire engine red" truck enamel.

The top was chopped one and three-quarter inches, and the car is powered by a Mercury engine with high compression heads. Gallagher plans later to install a '48 Ford dash assembly, steering column, and gearshift lever.

Photographs of three restorations of Model T's published in the July, 1950, FORD TIMES brought in the picture on this page of a beautifully restored 1914 Model T, along with some notes on the growing hobby of collecting antique cars.

The car is owned by Chris Hannevig of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and is a 1914 model down to the last part. The car won first prize in the senior division at the last meet of the Antique Automobile Club of America. The organization lists more than 200 Model T's among the old-timers owned by its members, and at least 20 are in competition in every show. ■





Donald L. Baker, who is superintendent of schools of Gratiot County, Michigan, inherited the dulcimer he plays and the tunes he plays on it, from his father, a former lumberjack in the Michigan woods. Don started playing only six years ago but he has become so proficient that he is now a celebrated dulcimer player and last year was invited to a folk festival at Columbia University. The instrument was made in Ovid, Michigan, in 1885, and was sold by its maker for \$6. It has four strings for each note, to give resonance and power. A collection of music from the pine must include Don Baker playing the lovely tune, "In Haste to the Wedding."

Recording the Sounds of America

3—Songs from the Sawdust

by Robert M. Hodesh

paintings and decorations by C. W. Moss

*I love a girl in Manistee;
She lives with her mother.
I defy all Michigan
To find such another.*

ONE of the pleasant aspects of traveling through Michigan with an ear cocked and a recording machine on top of the luggage is the possibility of finding someone who knows the verse quoted here and the tune that goes with it. More than merely pleasant, it is fascinating, for if you were to take Manistee and Michigan out of the stanza and substitute Queensbridge Road and Londontown, you would have a poem that might have been written by a post-Elizabethan Englishman who had buckles at his knees and lace at his wrists.

The fact of the matter is that the song came, maybe a century ago, out of the burly soul of a woodchopper who probably shaved with an axe and could swear violently enough to drive the clams deeper into the bottoms of Michigan's rivers. If you had been there to tell him in sweet innocence that he was a poet and was adding a gem to American folklore, he would undoubtedly have given you one night to get out of camp.

The possibility that this would happen to a ballad hunter in Michigan today is remote. The lumber camps no longer roar and time has sandpapered the knots on the white-pine savages who first went into Michigan's virgin forests. One of the descendants of a Michigan lumberjack, a man who is married, teaches school and wears store-bought suits, said not long



"The Old Lumberjacks" at Higgins Lake. Don Baker, seated, plays the banjo; Harry Scholtz is at the piano; Doc Beck stands at left.

ago that he would cooperate with anyone in preserving the lore of the lumber camps when white pine was king.

This cooperative spirit, plus the fact that the melodies linger on, opens a new and relatively untried area to the amateur song collector who totes a recorder in his car.

Dr. E. C. Beck, who teaches at Central Michigan College and has done as much as any man in the state to chronicle the music of the lumber camps, and Donald L. Baker, who is superintendent of schools in Gratiot County and is celebrated for the way he plays the dulcimer, are the moving spirits behind a group of musicians who call themselves "The Old Lumberjacks." They comprise one of the few organized repositories of lumberjack musical lore and no ballad hunter will have anything like a good collection of songs from the white pine unless he has turned on his recording machine in their presence.

"The Old Lumberjacks" are not all lumberjacks. One of them says with a wink that he wouldn't know how to cut down a bush; another has, God forbid, a Ph.D.; and among those who actually went into the woods is one who has now drifted to an office in the Fisher Building, Detroit.

It might sadden a true jack of yesteryear to be represented by relatively civilized men, but this fact does not detract from

the authenticity of the music. Anyone who has heard them slip the leash on "Flat River Girl" would agree. What "The Old Lumberjacks" do to perfection is recreate an evening's entertainment of a lumber camp a century ago.

This they did one night last summer at the state's Conservation Training School on Higgins Lake. Doc Beck and Don Baker were there. Ernest Losey and Frank Hufford had their fiddles. Harry Scholtz, who can fill in on piano, banjo or guitar, was on hand, along with Leon Mae, who is adept with piano, mandolin, banjo and fiddle. They also had Lyle MacKenzie along; he calls himself the "bat boy" and does a dancing stunt. And there was George "Swede" Hedquist with his mouth organ and his Swedish dialect stories, and Red Morey on bass fiddle.

The concert was actually two concerts, but nobody in the gathering of school superintendents for whom the concert was entertainment, noticed. Everybody came into Lodge No. 1 for the first practice notes and stayed on. There were the usual tune-up shenanigans. Someone told Ernie Losey to shake the clinkers out of his fiddle, and then Ernie turned around to Leon Mae and advised him to send his own instrument back to Sears, Roebuck and get it tuned.

One of the most widely known songs in the Michigan pine woods was "Flat River Girl." It seems to have originated from an incident of concealed identities and unrequited love in the region of Six Lakes, where the Flat rises. Striking a common note in the hearts of the shanty dwellers, it spread throughout the state, appearing in several forms with different names. The way "The Old Lumberjacks" tore into it at Higgins Lake misted the eyes of every listener whose husband or father had ever chopped trees on the Lake Michigan or Lake Huron slope. It starts:



*Come all you fine young fellows with hearts so
brave and true,
Never depend on a woman;
you're lost if you do.
But if you chance to see one with long brown
chestnut curls,
Just think of Jack Haggerty and his
Flat River girl.*



Lyle MacKenzie, 79, and Frank Hufford, 83, do an old dance. The ribbon on Frank's arm is lumberjack custom; it makes him a woman.

As the "Lumberjacks" sang and played that night they recreated the life of the choppers, swampers and drivers as it was lived fifty to a hundred years ago. They sang of death that came when a man lost his footing as a jam thundered loose, they sang plaintively of the diet of beans and stewed prunes, they sang warnings to others not to shove corduroy in Michigan, and they sang of the fun and love that waited in Escanaba and Muskegon when the spring drive was over and they had their jeans full of money.

The music that arose in Michigan's lumber camps was a music of minstrelsy. That is, it was principally a story-telling music. The function it fulfilled for the lonely men in the camps was the entertainment it provided. Though sung at night before bedtime, it was far, far from the nocturnes of Chopin. It emerged from the mysterious source of all folksongs with the bark right on it. The melody made little difference just as long as it was singable and had enough substance to hang a story on. Imagination went into verses, not tunes. There were

no blue notes and no unusual syncopation. Just as the balladry can be traced back to England, the melodies can also. They came to Michigan with the lumberjacks who had cleared the state of Maine and were looking for new timber. The basis for the folklore of Michigan's pine woods was inherited from Maine, but it was expanded and developed in the Great Lakes region partly because the trees were bigger and closer together and the lumber business was wilder and more profitable to everyone in it.

The program by the "Lumberjacks" wasn't music alone. George Hedquist, who lived with the jacks and rivermen as a kid, recited some of the Paul Bunyan stories he learned. Paul came into being as part of the magnificent lies the woodsmen told each other during the evening relaxation; like the ballads, they were part of the entertainment the men had to create for themselves. Don Baker played on his dulcimer. Frank Hufford, who is 83, played tunes he learned when he was a notcher and sawyer in the woods around Six Lakes. Then the band played for square dancing until it was time to go to bed.

"The Old Lumberjacks" lifted the curtain that night on a vanishing breed of men. They were among the toughest this country has ever known. In a century of chopping and sawing they let daylight into the Michigan woods, sang lustily, pounded their calloused fists on the bars all the way from Grand Haven and Saginaw north across the Soo and westward through Seney and Escanaba to Duluth; when the woods were cleared they went off to the forests of the Pacific.

Their descendants are a milder race. They vote, smoke cigarettes, get married, and use safety razors. There are now electric lights in the cabins and the men listen to radios. The jukebox has all but obliterated "Flat River Girl."

Almost, but not entirely. Those who were at Higgins Lake the night the "Lumberjacks" played felt a powerful breeze from a remarkable era in American history. The songs and a few memories remain, although bleached a bit by propriety. When the concert was over and the gathering came out into the Michigan night, they noticed that the second growth reaches a good forty feet toward the stars. ■





photograph by Herb Bersin

K-Day at Ocean Beach— a one-picture story

IN the little Ocean Beach community of San Diego, the words, "Go fly a kite!" are to be taken literally. Young and old, one and all turn out for the Annual Kite Festival. On K-Day the skies above Ocean Beach are crisscrossed with taut kite lines and alive with hundreds of kites of many colors dancing and soaring in the wind.

In 1752 Benjamin Franklin sailed a kite in a thunderstorm to study the nature of electricity. Among the Maori tribesmen kite flying had a distinctly religious character.

But here on the breeze-swept coast of Southern California the major object of kite flying is to have fun. This impulse is aided and abetted by the local Kiwanians who furnish enough paper, paste and string to keep the kids knee-deep in debris for weeks.

FIRST FLEXIBLE KITE

by Francis M. Rogallo

photographs by Lawrence S. Williams

For a hobby, an aeronautical engineer dips into his own boyhood and brings up a new kind of kite. His invention has reached a stage where the question arises: Will the man fly the kite, or will the kite fly the man—and perhaps even his automobile?

OF ALL the sports of my boyhood, kite flying was the most thrilling. Eagerly I awaited springtime when the fresh March winds would carry our kites high into the heavens, or across the canyons and almost to the mountains on the other side. For my early years of kite flying were spent in the Coast Range Mountains of California at Montezuma School, which was perched atop one mountain, but surrounded by higher mountains.

Here I learned to make and fly "bow" kites and "barn door" kites. The bow kites were made of two sticks in the form of a cross, the horizontal stick bowed so that the front of the kite was convex. The barn door kites were made of three sticks—two in the form of an X, and the third laid horizontally across the intersection of the other two. The bow kites

flew gracefully, with little or no tail, but didn't have as much pull as the barn door kites, which were our favorites. The barn door kites required long tails, having no stability without them.

We had difficulty finding suitable wood for our kites, using pine from packing cases or redwood shakes that fell from the sides of an old garage, sometimes with a little help. The covering was newspaper, held on with paste made from flour that we begged from the cook. These materials were so poor that many of our kites had broken-and-spliced sticks and patched covering even before they were flown.

Making a kite that would fly was a challenge, and those who succeeded felt a real sense of accomplishment and won the respect of their companions. The kites that flew well were highly



← *The author and his children on the shore near Fortress Monroe, Va.*

prized, and when one would break away and fall among the trees on the mountain or in the canyon, much effort was spent in finding it. Search parties would go out, and those who remained behind would anxiously await word of success or failure.

With such boyhood experience, it is little wonder that I aspired to become an aeronautical engineer, to design bigger and better kites, big enough for people to ride in, with engines and propellers to pull them through the air. After studying aeronautics at Stanford, I received an appointment to the Langley Laboratory of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. At first I worked personally on research projects whose completion brought the same thrill as flying a kite, but gradually my work changed from research to the supervision of others who did the research. The projects, too, changed from those pertaining to aircraft that a private citizen might buy to those pertaining to very large or high-speed aircraft that only a government could afford. It was no longer as exciting as flying a kite.

Hobbies often provide something lacking in our vocational work, and, fortunately, my family was as eager as I for the kite-flying that I suggested. At first we made kites such as I had made as a boy,

but training in aeronautics and years of research in the aerodynamics of all manner of aircraft—from parachutes to supersonic airplanes—had had their effect. The kites of the last few centuries were suddenly not good enough.

If we could combine the shape of the supersonic airplane with the unbreakable structure of the parachute we would have a very fine kite indeed. But, for such a kite to fly, it must possess two kinds of stability—stability of shape and stability of position. If we could provide these, the rest would be easy.

We started by making small paper kites and dropping them as gliders. Then we attached threads to them at various points and towed them about the living room. When we found a promising configuration, we built a larger model of cloth and took it to an open field on the shore of Hampton Roads for a trial. If it didn't fly, we thought of a way to improve it; so home we went to make the modifications and then back for another trial.

We did our kite research on Saturdays and Sundays when the weather permitted, and on those days our trips to the flying grounds were frequent. Our efforts were not in vain, for after many attempts we succeeded in making

← *Mr. and Mrs. Rogallo work in their attic on their new kite.*



← *Kites away. The Rogallo family flies them from the beach.*

one of our kites fly. After that taste of success, weekends were not enough. In order to pursue our experiments at night we installed a thirty-six inch fan in our home so that we could test kites in the doorway between two rooms. Many shapes and materials were tested in our wind tunnel and in flight until we had developed a thoroughly satisfactory model.

Wherever these flexible kites are flown, they have attracted the attention and admiration of children and grown-ups alike. Most impressed are those who drive up as we are winding in. They see a beautiful and spirited kite being reluctantly pulled to earth from almost directly overhead. When the kite has fallen to the ground, it is obvious that it is completely limp, having no sticks or stiffeners, a startling thing to anyone familiar with previous kites. But the climax comes when we place the rack of string on one edge of the kite, roll the kite tightly around it, and drop the package into the miniature tow target that had served as a tail. It is almost like the snake that swallows his tail and completely disappears.

My wife's mother is an ardent kite flyer, as is the wife of our mayor. They never seem to tire of it. And our three children surprised us last Christmas by

asking for kites of their very own. We thought they would have been tired of kites, for we had been eating, sleeping, and living kites for a long time.

One of these days we're going to make one of our kites large enough to lift a man, and supply him with some controls which have already been developed on our small kites. To test it in safety, we'll probably tow it from a boat so that a crash will not injure the pilot, since we have not yet developed a pilot as rugged as our kite. If it proves successful over water, we can try it over land, probably in a mild wind rather than by towing, for there are few places on land that would permit towing for a very long flight.

A further development, already worked out with small models, would allow the kite to be flown as a glider. Imagine the thrill of carrying such a glider in your knapsack to the top of a hill or mountain and then unfurling it and gliding down into the valley.

But the most intriguing possibility is the use of this non-rigid wing as the lifting component of a combination auto-airplane. When the airplane alighted, the wing would simply be folded up, chucked into the baggage compartment and forgotten. The auto would then drive away unencumbered. ■

← *Mr. Rogallo and son Bobby make final adjustments on kite.*



An hour takes you from desert heat to high, cool mountains.

Why We Chose

SOUTHEAST ARIZONA

by Weldon F. Heald

paintings by Allen C. Reed

SUPPOSE you had your choice. That is, suppose you could live anywhere in the United States. What place would you pick? My wife and I had that choice, and we chose Arizona's southeast corner. Why? Especially why, when most people think this area consists of desert, gila monsters and rattlesnakes, with cactus for shade trees?

In the first place, southeastern Arizona is a roomy oasis about the size of Vermont and New Hampshire combined. It is completely surrounded by deserts and yet enjoys one of the pleasantest *year-round* climates to be found anywhere. In mid-

summer grass carpets the rolling hills, green as a golf course: oak woodlands spread their cooling shade; and up in the mountains are five hundred square miles of inviting pine and spruce forests, wildflower meadows and fern-edged streams.

The secret of southeastern Arizona's natural air conditioning system is altitude. In sharp contrast to the low, hot, dry central and western parts of the state the region south of the Gila River and east of the Santa Cruz Valley is high: fully eighty per cent is above 4,000 feet, while much of it is over 5,000 feet. The result is relatively cool summers and brilliant winter days tempered by a warm southern sun. Then too, in July and August, towering white clouds build up into the afternoon sky and trail refreshing showers across the land.

Broad valleys alternate with high, rolling plateaus and long, swelling mountain ranges. Cowboys ride over vast, spreading grasslands where hundreds of white-faced Herefords and hump-backed Brahmans graze; prospectors tap rocks in lonely canyons searching for fabulous bonanzas; and city dwellers can drive for half a day without seeing a signboard or smokestack.

But Arizona's southeastern corner is far from being a deserted wilderness. It is an area old in human living. This land has seen, besides Indians, resplendent Spanish *conquistadores* in shining armor; black- and brown-robed missionary priests; stalwart trappers in buckskins.

With Mexico just across the way, Spanish influence has persisted since Coronado led his swashbuckling task force northward through the country in search of the legendary Seven Cities of Cibola. That was back in 1540—long before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

In recent years the dude ranch business has boomed in importance. Some of the large cattle outfits have developed accommodations for guests where one can ride and work with the cowhands or play canasta on the porch with a hundred-mile front yard. But times are changing. Each year guest ranches become more luxurious: swimming pools are replacing irrigation ditches, and in places neckties have been seen at chow time. One revolutionary ranch even advertises, "Our guests receive as much consideration as the cows."

But the traditional custom has been for winter visitors to shed their ten-gallon hats, dungarees and cowboy boots by April and return home, leaving the natives to enjoy quietly the delightful spring, summer and fall months. This, too, is



TO PHOENIX

SANTA CATALINA MTS.

SAGUARO SKI CLUB

TUCSON

Emery Park

80

San Xavier Mission

Sahuarita

89

Continental

SANTA CRUZ

CRUZ

Tubac

Tumacacori Nat'l Mon.

RITA MTS.

RIVER

NOGALES

GATEWAY TO MEXICO

Mt. View

RINCON MTS.

Colossal Cave

Pantano

83



Sonoita

82

Patagonia



FORT HUACHUCA GAME PRESERVE

WHETSTONE MTS.

Benson

St. David

Fairbank

DRAGON MTS.

Tombstone

HISTORICAL SETTING OF OLD WEST AT ITS WILDEST

Fort Huachuca

Fry

HUACHUCA MTS.

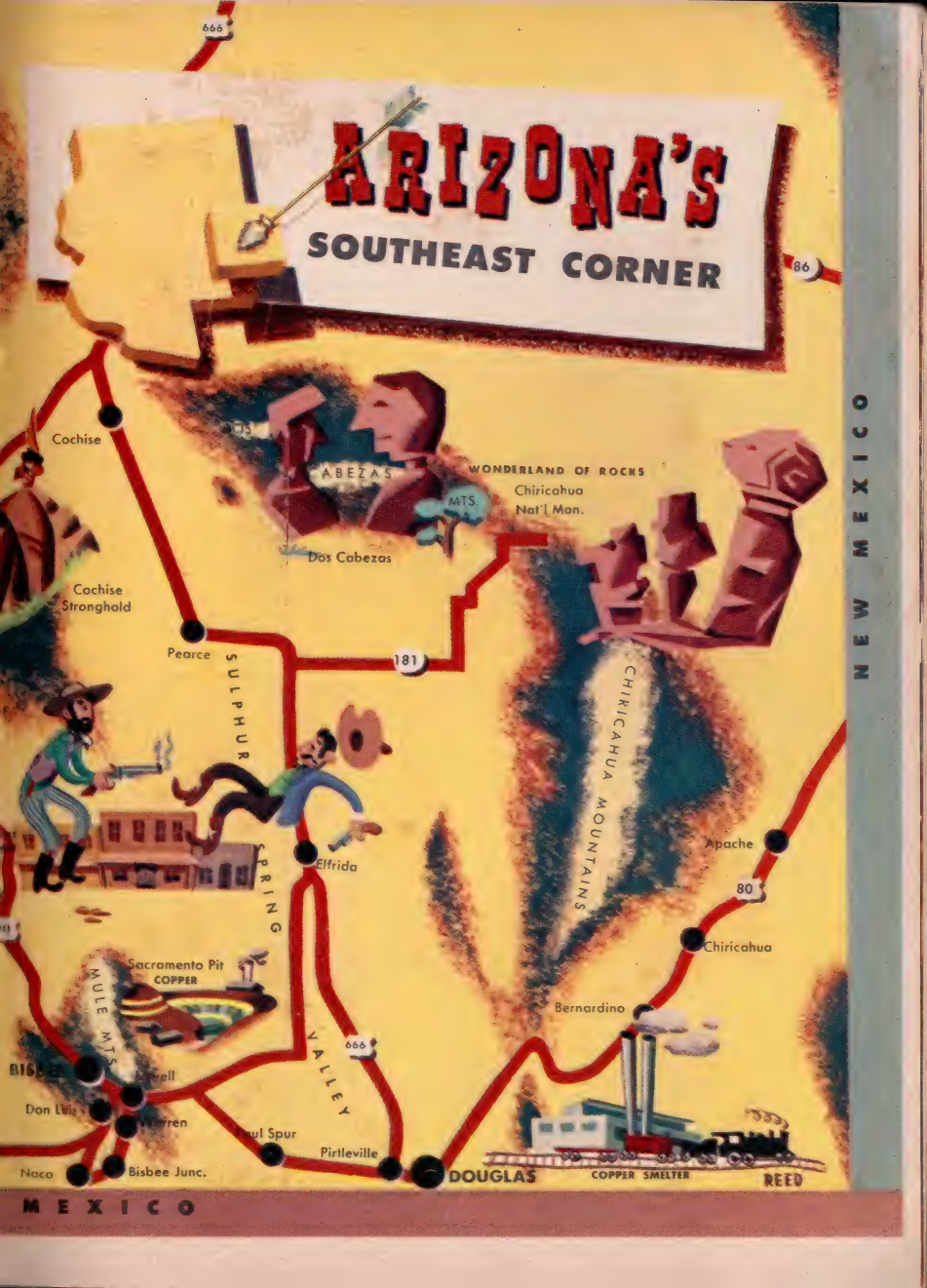
92

SAN PEDRO RIVER

WINCHESTER MTS.

SONORA

ARIZONA'S SOUTHEAST CORNER



NEW MEXICO

MEXICO

changing. For the truth is that this highland oasis in Arizona's southeast corner is in the process of being "discovered" as a new year-round retreat. The present-day pioneers, however, are Chicago businessmen, Minnesota farmers, Ohio families and widows from almost everywhere.

The leisurely influx into this little-known, out of the way Southwestern Arcadia in no way resembles the engulfing human flood pouring into neighboring California. Most people come first as casual automobile explorers on their vacations, or maybe they are health seekers hopefully sniffing at the thin, clear sharpness of the air. But the country exerts a strong magnetic attraction on visitors—and they come back.

Perhaps your imagination is first stirred by finding pottery and arrowheads of former red-skinned Arizonians, dating back seven or eight hundred years. Or maybe you feel a thrill in the crumbling missions and dim trails of the indomitable Jesuit priest, Father Kino, who brought Christianity and the beginnings of civilization into the wilderness two and a half centuries ago. Then, there are old-timers who can tell you hair-raising tales of the most savage and warlike Indians in North America—the Apaches. Cochise, greatest warrior of them all, outmaneuvered the United States Army for twelve years and died unconquered. His story is one of the epics of the Southwest and today you can drive up into the Dragoon Mountains and picnic among the soaring granite domes and pinnacles of the Cochise Stronghold. In that twisted, labyrinth the great red chief lies buried, but no white man knows where.

And again, you may feel a responsive tingle in the hard courage of the early days. Back in 1877 Ed Schieffelin started out to prospect the Apache-infested hills.

"All you'll find is your tombstone," friends warned him.

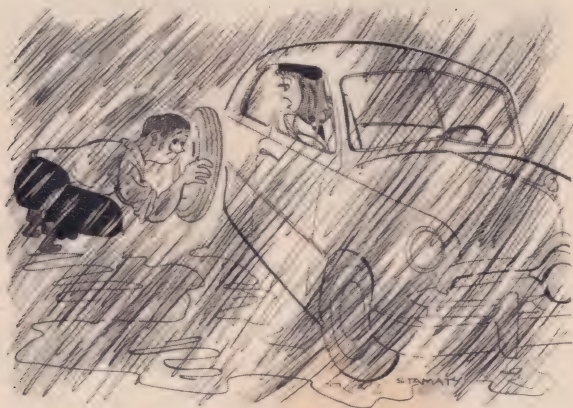
But they were wrong. Ed ran across one of the richest silver veins in the West and his Tombstone became a roaring camp of 15,000 to 20,000 people. Its history is livelier than any fiction.

At Bisbee you can see a mining town still very much alive. If you are a mountain lover you can drive up into the Huachuclas, Chiricahuas or Grahams, camp among evergreen forests reminiscent of Oregon, and follow skyline trails, afoot or on horseback, to high trails overlooking thousands of square



miles of hills, valleys and mountains. You can explore the maze of clustered stone needles, pillars and spires in Chiricahua National Monument—Arizona's Wonderland of Rocks—and climb behind your steering wheel to the top of the Grahams, over 10,000 feet elevation. Fishing is fair in these mountains, if you know where to look for it, and there is good hunting for deer, peccary, mountain lions and wild turkeys. If you like animals without shooting them a real Western experience awaits you at Fort Huachuca, where you can stalk buffalo herds in your car and track down antelope.

So these, in bare outline, are some of the reasons we in Arizona's southeast corner feel we live in a distinct and different region. We did not go into details—such as flaming sunsets, velvety, starlit nights, and the blazing autumn colors in the mountains. But in scenery, climate, history, and atmosphere we believe we have something a little out of the usual run. And, although we have the reputation of being a bit slow, awkward and taciturn in expressing welcome to visitors, we are mighty proud deep down inside to meet cars on our highways from New York, Illinois and the other forty-five states. We begin to think that the rest of the country is at last finding out about us.



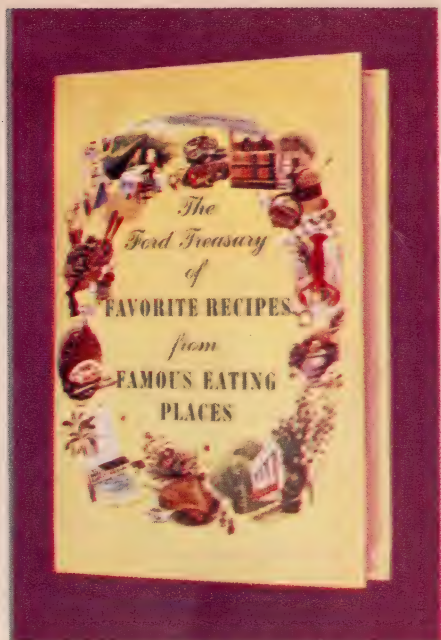
*"Please hurry, George—it's no fun
being couped up in here!"*

At Your Request!

EVER SINCE the popular series, "Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns" in the FORD TIMES and "Outstanding Restaurants" in the LINCOLN-MERCURY TIMES began, you, the readers, have been writing to ask when we were going to publish a collection of these recipes in a really handy book that could be used in the kitchen and also popped into the glove compartment for easy reference on trips. The time is now!

On February 26 the "Ford Treasury of Favorite Recipes from Famous Eating Places," published by Simon and Schuster, will go on sale in bookstores throughout the country. It is a 256-page volume — 114 pages in four colors, the rest in two colors. Each page includes an illustration of the restaurant, information about it, and one of its outstanding recipes. The book was made possible through the cooperation of Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers.

The hard cover comes with a colorful jacket which unfolds to



double size revealing, on the reverse side, a four-color pictorial map of the United States suitable for framing.

This recipe anthology makes a perfect gift for the traveler and cook. Famous chefs' recipes have been cut to family size and for easy travel reference the restaurants are grouped according to geographic location. There are location and recipe indexes.

If your local book or department store does not have "Ford Treasury of Favorite Recipes from Famous Eating Places" in stock you may order it from Simon and Schuster, 1230 Sixth Ave., New York 20, New York. The price is \$1.50 postpaid. ■

New Road in the Wilderness

by Franklin M. Reck

photographs by John Calkins

UP TO 1950, the bush town of Chapleau in Ontario consisted of a main street, a railroad station, a bush pilot and the outfitting company of Smith and Chapple. It was a railroad division point for the CPR, a fur trading center, and a takeoff point for anglers and moose hunters.

Today the town is laying sewers and paving streets. Restaurants are expanding. Motels are going up. Civic enterprise billows over the wild and immense Chapleau Game Preserve.

All because Chapleau, for the first time in history, has a highway connecting it with the outside world. For an isolated forest village to get a road is a great thing. It calls for the hoisting of tumblers, and the stomping of caulked boots.

This road that releases Chapleau from the bonds that have imprisoned it since trapper days runs some 140 miles north from the town of Thessalon on the North Channel of Lake Huron. On the way, it skirts or crosses so many rivers and lakes that nobody has ever got around to naming them all.

The road has been a long time in the making. In a way, you might say that it's bounded on the south by Bill Phillips and on the north by Arthur Groat.

Phillips, the southern terminus, is a blocky ex-hockey player who has never doubted that he sat at the gateway to the best fishing and hunting in the land—the Mississagi Provincial Forest. He built himself a fine camp on Basswood Lake, planted pines on burned-over land and hounded government bodies into improving roads and stocking streams.

Groat, civic leader of Chapleau, has a string of camps around Chapleau, operates a bush flying service, runs a store and the Ford dealership. He recalls that in 1917 there was only one automobile in Chapleau, a Model T belonging to a pioneer named Tom J. Godfrey.

Above right: Jim Hendryx samples a stream from the highway.

Below right: The Rapid headwaters yielded a mess of trout.



That first year, Godfrey was a picture of frustration. Here he was with a car and no place to go except down the few dusty blocks of the main drag. Rounding up a crew of bush men he shoved a road southward one-quarter mile and at the end built a turnaround. Now, thank God, he had some place to drive. For this act of enterprise Godfrey was made road commissioner by common consent.

From that day on, he made it his great ambition to connect Chapleau with the rest of the world. Without benefit of transits and rods, he picked his way southward, taking over an old logging road here, a ridge there, a trail farther on.

Meanwhile, lumbering companies were shoving north from Thessalon over the pine plains and Snowshoe Flats, along the wild, cliff-bordered Mississagi, past the Lafoe, the Rapid, and the Gravel, all of them trout streams to remember.

Finally the Government took a hand, making this budding route a link in the Trans-Canada, and in 1948 the earthmovers came in to speed the work. Huge rooters shoved the forest aside to a width of 150 feet. Down the center went a gravel highway 28 feet wide—big enough for tomorrow.

By January, 1949, when the route was passable in winter as a snow road, the people of Chapleau could no longer be restrained. Under the leadership of Arthur Groat a cavalcade was formed, headed by Groat's Ford with Tom Godfrey in it.

At the 55 mile post south of Chapleau the road workers had taken out a bridge to make sure that no other car could precede Groat's. This bridge was to be dropped into place when the cavalcade arrived, after which the cars would proceed to mile 62 where the party would officially snip a ribbon, opening the highway to future generations.

The parade got as far as the LaSarge Camp, some distance short of the withheld bridge, where the party stopped to get warm. Tom Godfrey, now graying and feeble, walked into the warm cabin, rubbed his hands, and said: "This is the happiest moment of my life."

Those were his last words. As though the incentives that support life had somehow melted away in the moment of triumph, he collapsed.

It took another year and a half to make Godfrey's road



passable to the public, but by the summer of 1950, venturesome license plates from Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, and New York were flashing up and down the wilderness road.

What has happened between Thessalon and Chapleau is happening other places in the vast Ontario bush. Down in the granite and the white-water country of Georgian Bay, Highway 69 is elbowing through pines from Britt to the French River. Over on the north shore of Superior, a road is plunging eastward from Terrace Bay to Marathon and there taking off into the bush toward White River and Chapleau. Another road is coming southwest out of Timmins and this, too, will some day reach the hub of Chapleau. Still another road is reaching toward the Quebec border south of Lake Abitibi.

It doesn't take long for fish-hungry Americans to seek out these new gateways to the remote. Last July, five of us sampled the growing traffic on the Thessalon-Chapleau link of the Trans-Canada. We had our flyrods and took along three canoes on a truck.

We followed the Mississagi on a highway now widened, so that only in a few places did you have to back up to a turnout to let another car pass. We rolled past the old lumber camps to mile 41 north of Bill Phillips' Camp and there found a side-road steeply bulldozed up a hill.

We had to travel in low and watch the boulders, but in its seven miles of hair-curling twists and pitches this sideroad took us close to the headwaters of the Rapid, once a goal to be reached only by days of portaging.

We put in two canoes, one working upstream and one down, and three hours later we met at Robb's lumber camp to share some thirty trout with the lumber boss and his staff.

Five miles beyond the Rapid, we followed a lumber road into a part of the Gravel River that few had ever seen. There we found a mile-long beaver pond—and trout.

A few miles farther north was the turn-off to Aubrey Falls where the Mississagi tumbles over a 108-foot cliff with a wild, unkempt abandon, and beyond that we reached a stretch of the new highway that abruptly brought our speed down to a tooth-cracking eight miles an hour. A road construction company was at work here, smoothing out the final twelve-mile



link in the highway.

Close to where this final link started was another sideroad marked by a handsome sign reading DuBreuil Frères. This led us to one of the neatest lumber camps we have ever seen and a pike lake, hardly touched.

Back on the main road to Chapleau we passed road gangs putting the finishing touches to the new gravel highway. It was no trouble to go fifty, but nobody wanted to, for all through here a logging industry was growing before our eyes. Small cities of sap-wet shacks were going up and French-Canadian youngsters were playing in the clear-water streams and lakes that bordered the road.

West of the highway, we detoured a short mile into Five Mile Lake where we had heard that the pike were big and plentiful. We had only our flyrods, but for half a day we had a circus in the shallow waters of a lonesome bay, taking four-pound pike on trout-sized daredevils and spinners.

Farther north, Pooler Creek swept under the highway bridge like a photographer's dream—a trout stream. A half hour later we were in Chapleau, the liberated bush town with its dreams of tomorrow. At the restaurant on the main street we ate king-sized steaks for a dollar and a half while outside the restaurant explorers like ourselves from the States walked up and down, planning next year's vacation.

On our southward trip we put our canoes into the Aubinadong beyond Mountain Ash Lake for a fifty-mile downstream cruise to the junction of the Aubinadong and the Mississagi. We had hoped to find outsized brook trout along here, but instead found Northern pike that played in the white water and took flies like trout. (We didn't believe it, either.) We chased a cow moose and roller-coasted down rapids.

When we finally got back to Bill Phillips' Camp, Bill asked us about the big trout of the Aubinadong, and we replied that we didn't find any—only pike.

"Did you go up the West Branch?"

"No, but we saw where it came into the main river."

"You should have gone up it. Not a hundred yards from the junction is a falls. The pike can't get over it. Beyond the falls is where you find the trout. Big ones."

We shrugged our shoulders. It would take more than one party to uncover all the possibilities of the Thessalon-Chapleau Road—and all the other roads that are slowly opening the Ontario bush to folks with a car, a rod, and a gun. ■



Nature's Slickest Fat Man

by George Heinold

painting by Charles Culver

This study of the raccoon with paintings by Charles Culver and text by naturalist George Heinold is one of a series of animal character sketches prepared especially for the Ford Times.

THE GRAY RACCOON is a fair-haired child of Nature. Avoiding strenuous exercise and the hardships of migration, he waxes fat on a bill of fare that would do

credit to our best restaurants. Nature also provides him with housing in the snug hollows of some of the wilderness community's best neighborhoods—the

hardwood belts. And matters have been so arranged that his love-life doesn't interfere with his greater passion, eating.

Such celebrated hunters as the wolf and cougar live less luxuriously than the raccoon. Their meals are often won after weary miles on game trails through rugged terrain in winter's severest weather. Although the vegetarian rabbit and deer exert less effort than the raccoon, their diets are plain and monotonous.

But the raccoon, relishing broilers as well as corn-on-the-cob and feeding on the produce of water as well as of soil, can choose from the menus of both meat-eater and vegetarian. He builds up his tissues from flesh, fowl, fish, shellfish, vegetables, nuts, grains, eggs, fruits and honey. Unlike the frugal squirrel, he need not store provender to insure against winter want. The raccoon's system is a pleased one. He gorges himself to rotundity; then, when winter comes, he curls up in his den; and, nourished by his own fat, snoozes until the weather changes.

It is no fluke that the raccoon lives comfortably. According to tests recorded in the *American Journal of Psychology*, he is among the most intelligent of animals. He makes clever use of the tactile five fingers on each of his front paws. I have seen captive raccoons climb bare steam pipes, open doors by turning knobs, and prankishly turn off the lights in a room by flicking the switches.

Wild raccoons are no less astute. When raiding henyards, they quickly master ordinary gate and coop latches, drop onto high window sills from trees and fence posts, and push back windows which have been left partly open. A raccoon that entered a Connecticut fishing camp after he had discovered an unlatched window enjoyed new gastronomic adventures among preserves, molasses, sugar, cookies, chocolate, and bottled fruit juices. He quickly learned how to remove jar covers and the corks of bottles.

A neighbor of mine once stored a crate of oranges under the roof of a shed. Each day he found some of the fruit missing. Blaming his losses on pilfering boys, he padlocked the building. But the oranges continued to vanish. The contents of the crate were nearly exhausted before he identified the culprit—a mother raccoon. While her four young remained outside, the mother squeezed through a hole under the shed's floor. Then, delving into the crate, she carried oranges to an opening under the eaves, dropping them to her waiting offspring.

The mainstay of the raccoon's diet is not obtained in direct competition with man. He is a nocturnal prowler; darkness gives this masked marauder fatal advantage over frogs, crayfish, squirrels and birds. Even bees are at his mercy when, numbed by the chill of night and unable to see a target for their stingers, they cannot de-

fend their nests and honey caches.

In the summer months the raccoon's principal dish is frog. He ferrets them out from mud and weeds with a curious nonchalance, staring this way and that until it seems that the enterprise is of concern only to his paws. But despite this seeming indifference, his mind is always in touch with his finger tips.

The raccoon uses a different system when he encounters a tasty crayfish: he allows the crayfish to catch him. As soon as one pinches his fingers, the canny 'coon flips it to his jaws. His method of opening clams would arouse the envy of a Rhode Island shellfisherman. The raccoon inserts a finger nail between the shells, and in one deft sweep lays bare their contents.

A raccoon's well-known habit of washing food before he eats it has given him a widespread, but partly undeserved, reputation for cleanliness. He washes his frogs and crayfish of mud and grit. With his nails he will clean a fish of its entrails. But much of his other food is eaten unwashed: he softens it in water because his saliva is insufficient for swallowing. When dining on eggs, juicy-ripe fruit, or milk-ear corn, he eats on the spot without benefit of washing.

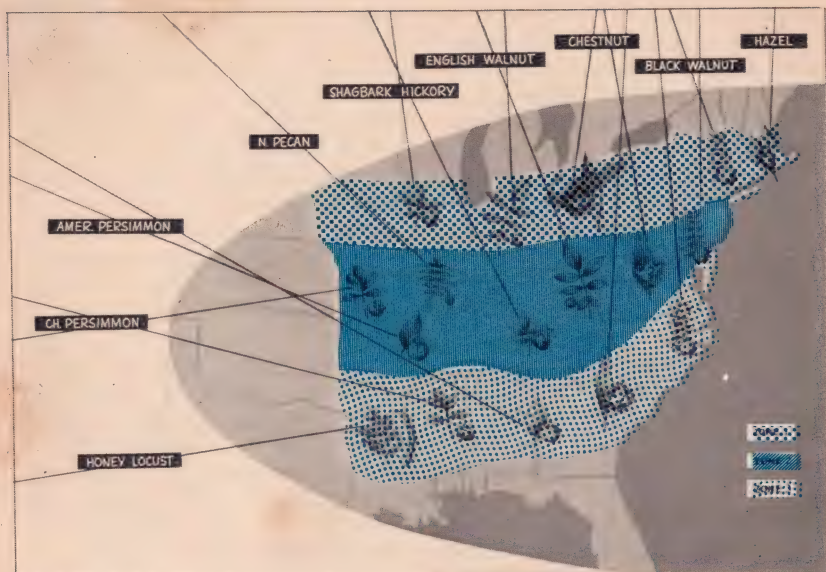
Food, his main interest, being scarce in winter, the raccoon employs that season for mating. The young, arriving in litters of from three to six, are born in spring. Bringing up the kiddies to the point where they can join in the

hunt is the mother's duty. The father at that time doesn't share in family life. But there is every indication that he joins his family in the later summer and early autumn months. I have often seen mother, offspring, and father treed by hounds at that time.

A big redbone hound that I knew met grief when he came upon a raccoon mother and her five young on the bank of a river. Using fang and claw to protect her young, the mother decoyed the hound to the edge of the bank. There, grappling with her adversary, she rolled the dog into the river. The water was some six feet deep and the mother, using a strategy often adopted by her kind, wrapped herself around the hound's neck and held his head under water until he drowned. Many dogs have met the same fate when attempting to fight it out with a raccoon in water.

That sixty-pound dogs are frequently out-slugged by twenty-pound raccoons does not dampen the ardor of those who run hounds, for the wily raccoon, abundant in most states, has all the qualifications of a topflight game animal. He tests the mettle of dogs in chases that may consume the better part of a night. He breaks his scent by running fences and wind-fall trees and by swimming streams. When pressured by pursuit, a raccoon is far from lazy.

Personally, I think he conserves his strength just to give us a hard time. ■



SINCE 1895 Dr. J. Russell Smith has preached the gospel of tree crops—discovering new varieties of nuts, improving old ones, and trying to persuade habit-bound human beings at least to try them. Here, for the benefit of the home-owner who likes to stash away a bushel or two of good nuts against long winter evenings, he sums up fifty-six years of tree-growing experience—in a nutshell, as it were. The above map indicates hospitable zones for the various trees he describes.

Food and Fun from Unusual Trees

by J. Russell Smith

photographs by Lawrence S. Williams

IF YOU are old enough to have some gray in your hair you probably remember what fun it used to be to pick up chestnuts in the fall. You probably know that it was the blight which put an end to this pleasure and left the dead trees gaunt, bare, and bleaching in the sun. But you may not know that now you can grow chestnuts again, along with other unusual trees that will give you nuts, as well as shade and beauty in your yard. And it is thrilling fun to grow them.

We recently entered a new era in nut growing when we learned how to graft nut trees. All we need now is one good tree to serve as a parent, and we can make a million like it, just as we did with the navel orange. This discovery has led to a great search of American fields, forests and fence rows for good parent trees. Scores of varieties are now being tested to discover those that bear well and have *nuts so shaped* that the kernels can be removed in halves or quarters. You can now buy these nut trees of easy-cracking varieties by name.

Perhaps you have a home or a bit of land, or plan to retire to one. You can plant nut trees on the site years before you build your house. You must keep fire away, and mulch the trees with straw or grass or heavy paper to prevent the grass from choking the young trees—but be sure to remove your mulch early in September before field mice start making winter quarters. And look out for a frost pocket. Cold air is heavier than warm air, and on still nights at the end of a cold wave we get almost unbelievable temperature differences between a hilltop and a bit of nearby lowland of only ten or fifteen feet less elevation.



←*Dr. Smith examines a shagbark on the campus of Swarthmore College.*

There are nine species which I can recommend without qualification for most of the eastern half of the country. I have been working with tree crops since 1895, and I have grown and fruited every one of these nine. This was done on the slope of the Blue Ridge Mountains in northern Virginia, which has a climate almost identical with that of Philadelphia. None of them was sprayed, except the young filberts, to protect them from Japanese beetles.

Of course, the varieties you can grow will depend on your latitude, and, to a lesser extent, your altitude. We can divide eastern United States into three areas:

Zone 1

Suppose your home is along a line running through Des Moines, Chicago, Cleveland, Albany and Boston, or a short distance north of it, or within two hundred miles south of it. First on your list of proved trees is the American hazel bush. The native hazel grows wild in this area, producing small nuts, but the improved Winkler variety, given good soil, will bear nice nuts in two or three years. The bushes spread by underground shoots, and are as tough as a woodchuck. If you plant them four or five feet apart you will soon have a fruitful hedge. You can also grow the better varieties of European filberts.

Your next sure thing is the shagbark hickory—a native, and absolutely at home in this climate. The Weschke variety is a stately yard tree and a regular bearer. Its nuts are of unrivaled quality, and the kernel comes out *in complete halves*.

Another favorite native is the black walnut. Many nurseries are now offering grafted walnut trees of superior varieties. This tree grows fast and responds very promptly to good feeding. The kernel holds its flavor when cooked—it is *the* nut for nut bread and candy. Perhaps you share my pleasure of picking out nut meats while the wife reads aloud. It is one of the ways to get nut bread—good food!

The English (really Persian) walnut came to the United States with early settlers from England and France. Strains from these mild-climate countries are scattered all over the Northeast. Here and there we find a good one, but recently

←*Children have been eating the sugary locust pods for 300 years.*



←*Wild persimmon grafted with Chinese variety, near Round Hill, Va.*

we have received new and much hardier strains from Russia and Poland. The Broadview variety from Russia stands up and bears well on the banks of the Mississippi in Illinois and thence eastward. It is a vigorous grower and good bearer; one or two may supply your family's needs.

Best of all, you can now grow chestnut trees. This is the most productive nut tree we have, and perhaps the most popular. The blight came from China and Japan, which means that Chinese chestnuts had been exposed to it a long time. The U. S. Department of Agriculture very wisely imported seed from China and distributed thousands of little trees here for testing. This chestnut has proved itself from Iowa and southern Michigan eastward to Massachusetts, and southward to northern Florida. At least one strain now seems completely blight-proof. Some strains of seedlings are worth planting, but grafted trees soon pay for the difference in cost.

Zone 2

Perhaps you live north of the Cotton Belt and near to, or south of, a line drawn from Kansas City to Philadelphia—roughly the Ohio Valley, but excluding the higher parts of the Appalachian Highlands. You can grow everything recommended for Zone 1 except the filbert (hazel), plus three others:

The northern pecan: You have doubtless heard it said a hundred times that the pecan belongs in the Cotton Belt. That's true of the commercial varieties, but wild pecans are growing in the Ohio Valley and nearby Missouri. Half a dozen good varieties have been found in the woods and propagated. You will find them absolutely hardy in Zone 2. They will also be hardy up into Michigan and southern New England, but they will not find enough warm days there to ripen their nuts. The pecan is a lordly tree; a pair of them will make your place a landmark.

The American persimmon: Captain John Smith, first explorer of Virginia, praised this fruit, but for three hundred years we have almost ignored it. A few good varieties of this native have been propagated. They make nice yard trees and some will yield their delicious and nutritious fruit for a month or six weeks each fall.

←*Grafting a butternut and heartnut to form the hybrid, "Buart."*



←*Chinese chestnut trees in Dr. Smith's nursery at Round Hill, Va.*

The Chinese persimmon: This variety (*Diospyros kaki*) is the result of centuries of cultivation and improvement, although it is so new to the United States that it should be regarded as experimental. The fruits are about three inches in diameter, and tomato-shaped. Nearly everybody says they are good eating. They will give your place an added distinction because of their gorgeous dark green leaves, which turn red and yellowish-green in autumn. Marvelous beauty! They are worth growing as an ornamental.

Zone 3

If you live on the northern edge of the Cotton Belt, I suggest that you omit from your tree list the English walnut, northern pecan and the shagbark (except the Grainger variety, which is a native of the North Carolina mountains). Plant the southern pecan, chestnut, black walnut, Chinese persimmon, American persimmon, and one new one—the honey locust.

I do not recommend the honey locust as human food. It is good for man, but I'm not trying to change your food habits; life is too short for that. I recommend it as a stock feed, provided you have enough land to pasture a cow or a milk goat. This is another tree which shows how we ignore the riches Nature has given us. American children have been eating honey locust pods, some of which contain over 30 per cent sugar, for three hundred years, but when the children grew up they neglected the locust as a crop.

These nine trees will give you shade and harvest, but perhaps you would like to create something even newer. Why not try hybridizing? It is not difficult to hybridize the European filbert and the American hazel, for example, and you can see what you have accomplished in three to four years. Other nut trees are slower in producing results, but the hobby is rewarding.

We need new tree crops, for we are losing soil terribly in this country. We need this new kind of agriculture that requires no ploughing and holds the land against erosion. Perhaps you can help a bit by producing new hybrid nuts, and have some fun doing it. ■

←*Blight-free Chinese varieties enable us to grow chestnuts again.*



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Town and Country, Vermont

Waffles

- 2 eggs, separated
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 cups milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cornmeal
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 6 tablespoons butter, melted

Add beaten egg yolks to sifted flour, cornmeal, salt, baking powder, and sugar. Add sifted ingredients alternately with milk and mix until smooth; add melted butter and fold in stiffly beaten

egg whites. Serve with butter and Vermont maple syrup.

This lovely Colonial inn enjoys equal popularity with summer vacationists and winter skiers. It's a mile and a half north of Brattleboro on U. S. 5 and 9. Breakfast and dinner served daily. Reservations requested for overnight accommodations.

←painting of Town and Country by Douglas A. Jones

←painting of the House of Welsh by W. G. Evans

House of Welsh, Maryland

Imperial Crab

- 1 pound back fin crab meat
- $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce Lea and Perrin's Sauce
- 1 pinch dry mustard
- 1 pinch white pepper
- 1 pinch salt
- 4 red pimientos
- 1 raw egg
- 3 crab shells

Beat all ingredients together before mixing with crab meat. Fill crab shells and bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes. Serve piping hot. For a Spring luncheon why

not try this Imperial Crab with shoe string potatoes and a serving of fresh asparagus.

Since 1900 Thomas Welsh has presided over the House of Welsh at 301 Guilford Avenue in Baltimore. It's especially convenient for travelers, for meals are served from 6:00 a.m. to 2:00 a.m., every day but Christmas.



Pritchett's, Indiana

Herring Salad

3 cups pickled herring, diced
1½ cups boiled potatoes, diced
1½ cups pickled beets, diced
⅓ cup pickled gherkins, diced
½ cup apples, diced
¼ cup onion, chopped
4 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons sugar
White pepper, to taste
1 pint sour cream, beaten stiff

Thoroughly mix herring, potatoes, beets, apples, onion and gherkins. Blend vinegar, sugar and pepper before adding to herring mixture; toss gently. When ready to serve pour sour cream over top and garnish with hard boiled eggs and parsley.

There are 52 different dishes on the attractive smorgasbord table here to whet your appetite for the main course. Conveniently located at the intersection of U. S. 20 and 112, this restaurant is in Elkhart, about 100 miles from Chicago and twelve miles from Notre Dame stadium. Open for lunch and dinner, daily.

←painting of Pritchett's by Charles W. Moss

←painting of Christian's Hut by Yale Gracey

Christian's Hut, California

Piteairn Salad Dressing

1 quart mayonnaise
½ pound Roquefort cheese
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup vinegar
4 tablespoons chopped chives
½ cup sugar

Mix well and pour over your favorite salad. Remainder can be stored in a tightly-lidded jar in the refrigerator. At Christian's it is popular with a variety of salads, so try it on your favorite soon.

Named for Fletcher Christian of "Mutiny on the Bounty" fame, this restaurant is as famous for its food and informal hospitality as it is for its magnificent view of Balboa Bay. Dinner is served from 2:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m. every day from the first of April to October first. Forty miles south of Los Angeles, it is off U. S. 101 at Balboa.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

Ever wonder how the outside world looks to a fish? Well, here's your chance to identify some objects which are familiar to many fish, especially in spring and summer. Give yourself a minute a picture for the answers and then check your identification with the answers on page 63.

Photos by Three Lions

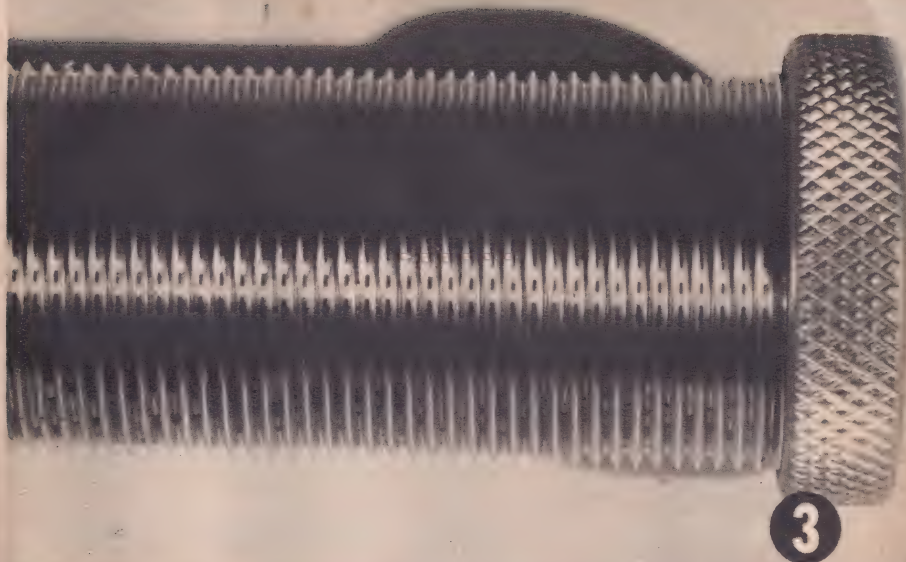
1



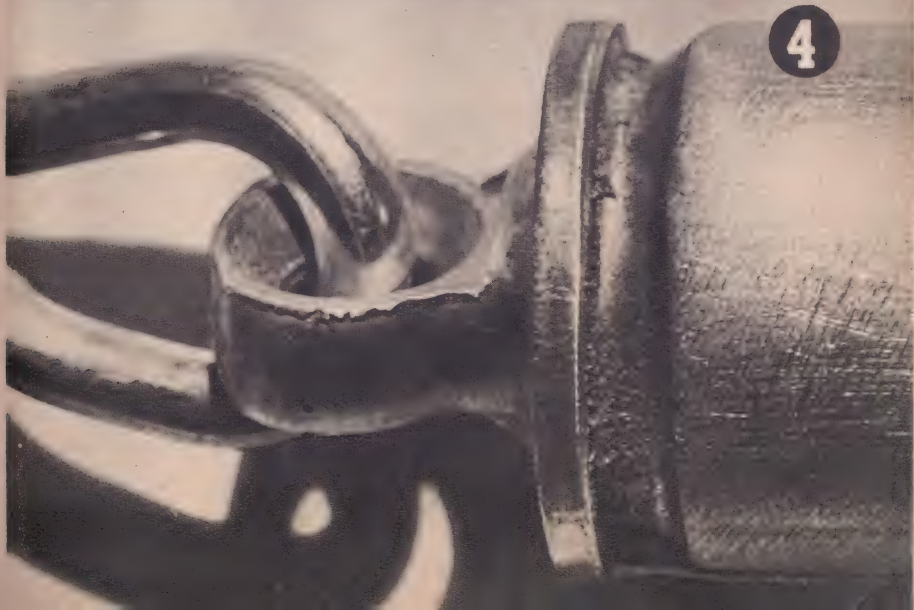
Neither lab equipment nor a straw mat . . .

2





... not a thermos bottle nor a hoist.



Where Is It?

Listed below are clues about six towns in the United States and your job is to name them. Probably you've spent a vacation near one of the spots, or you may want to plan to visit one this year. At any rate, you should be able to name at least three before you turn to the answers on page 63. A real traveler will recognize all six.



1 Smoke Center

Spreads out on both sides of the Kentucky River . . . the old State Capitol built in 1827 of Kentucky limestone is one of the finest examples of Greek Revival architecture in the world . . . Daniel Boone buried here . . . seven distilleries in and near the town, as well as numerous stone quarries and factories . . . a county which produces over six million pounds of tobacco a year . . . on U. S. 60, 460 and 421.



2 Summer and Winter Resort

One of the most popular summer resorts in the Gopher State

. . . 412 lakes within a radius of 25 miles . . . headquarters for Superior National Forest, largest in the country . . . town name derived from a description by a French missionary as he looked on the distant straits or narrows . . . on U. S. 59 . . . the annual Northwest Water Carnival in July attracts thousands of visitors.



3 On Puget Sound

Headquarters for the Mount Baker National Forest, a popular summer resort and winter sports center . . . you may take your car on a ferry near here to visit the 172 San Juan Islands . . . Chuckanut Drive south of town affords a breathtaking view of Puget Sound . . . on U. S. 99 . . . Olympic and Cascade Mountains visible from the city . . . wonderful salmon fishing in the vicinity . . . fishing license not required of tourists.



4 Home Town of "Minute Men"

John Hancock presided over the first Provincial Congress which met here in 1774 to organize the "Minute Men" . . . town's name is associated with a popular grape . . . in April, 1775, 800 British soldiers marched here from Boston to seize war supplies . . . visitors may tour "The Wayside," home of Nathaniel Hawthorne and "Orchard House," where Louisa Alcott wrote her famous books.



5 In the Bread Basket

In the heart of the Texas "Bread Basket" . . . its name derived from Cowboy-Mexican word meaning yellow because of the color of the area's subsoil . . . not far from Palo Duro Canyon State Park . . . an annual Spring event is the Fat Stock and Quarter Horse Show . . . capital of the oil and gas industry of this region . . . largest helium plant in the world here . . . on U. S. 66, 87, 287, and 60.



6 Under Four Flags

During March all of the historic old homes and gardens are opened to visitors for a pilgrimage . . . has been ruled by four nations . . . came into the United States in 1798 . . . here the French colonizer, Bienville, established Fort Rosalie in 1716 . . . on U. S. 61 and 65 and the Mississippi River . . . occupied by Union troops in 1863 shortly after the fall of Vicksburg . . . one of the beautiful mansions open to the public is *The Briers*, girlhood home of Varina Howell, wife of Jefferson Davis.

ANSWERS

What Is It?

1. Fishing bob casting a shadow
2. Some fishing lines
3. Handle of a fishing rod
4. Upper end of a fishing scale (tubular type)

Where Is It?

1. Frankfort, Kentucky
2. Detroit Lakes, Minnesota
3. Bellingham, Washington
4. Concord, Massachusetts
5. Amarillo, Texas
6. Natchez, Mississippi

Contributors



PARKER EDWARDS, illustrator of the Bolinas story, is a San Franciscan who has never left the Golden Gate except under pressure. The first time was when it appeared that his skill with a camera was more lucrative at the moment than his work for a San Francisco art service. He covered four Western states on an architectural survey for the Department of the Interior, and then barely had time for a summer course at New York's Grand Central Art School before having to go away for "a year and a day." Five years later, after 37 months in the South Pacific with the 41st Division, he was in California again, but this time had to go to New York to collect a bride (who was at the time wedded to *Life Magazine*). After a summer at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, they returned to San Francisco—they hope forever. With their daughter, now two and a half, the Edwards spend all their spare time in their Bolinas beach house, where they are now engaged in growing some of the tallest weeds in North America.



WELDON HEALD is best described as a writer-explorer. His interests run principally to mountains and canyons and he has written extensively on both. A mountaineer of no small experience, he has ascended peaks on four continents, while his curiosity about canyons has led him to run the rapids of the Colorado and San Juan rivers in fifteen-foot boats. During World War II he was with the Army as a climatologist and surveyed weather on all world fronts as a basis for the design of efficient equipment. He is a native of New Hampshire and was educated at M. I. T. Three years ago, when he and his wife were living in Southern California, they realized they couldn't see the country for the people, so they moved to the section of Arizona he describes on page 30.



"If **J. RUSSELL SMITH** says it, it's gospel," a professor of forestry said once of the author of "Fun and Food from Unusual Trees" (page 49). Dr. Smith has ranged the world as a researcher on tree agriculture, and from his enormous knowledge has earned a great reputation and distilled at least twenty books on commercial geography. He is a Ph.D. and Sc.D. and is Professor Emeritus of Economic Geography at Columbia University. Although 77 years old, he experiments continually on the best kinds of food-producing trees. Always crusading for an agriculture that doesn't, as ours does, depend so much on the plow, Dr. Smith recently answered a correspondent thus: "It always arouses kindly feelings in me to find someone who has discovered that secret document, my book, 'Tree Crops.'"

The paintings illustrating the story on the music of the Michigan lumber camps (page 19) are the work of **C. W. MOSS**, a Michigan artist. He was educated at the University of Michigan, the Layton School of Art in Milwaukee, and Cranbrook, in Birmingham, Michigan, where he completed his art studies. Even during the war, when he was in the Navy, he managed to find some time for art. He did murals at the naval air station in Seattle depicting air-sea rescue and aspects of the naval athletic program, and while at Pearl Harbor he taught art to enlisted men and officers. His paintings have been seen at a one-man show in Seattle and in various Michigan museums, and are owned by a number of private collectors. He is 28, married to the former June Allen, and is on the art staff of the *Ford Times*.



photograph by John Calkins

The moment the Chapleau-Thessalon, Ontario, road was opened in 1950 (story on page 38) lumber companies moved in to take out the timber. Rough trails were bulldozed off the new highway to the camps. Every such trail is an invitation to fishermen and hunters. This one, with its sign pointing to the DuBreuil Frères Camp, takes you seven miles into the neatest lumber camp ever discovered in the woods—clean cabins with petunias growing in window boxes, gardens hemmed by painted fences, a scrubbed cookshack serving roast pork and hot pastry. The road leads also to a trout stream, its pools unexplored, and Mountain Ash Lake, full of big pike. Beyond Mountain Ash lies as much canoe water as the vacationer cares to tackle, with good fishing all the way. The DuBreuil sideroad is just one sample of what touring vacationers are discovering as Ontario accelerates its program of opening up the northern bushland. At a half dozen points, Ontario is putting roads into lakes and rivers never before accessible to the motorist with a canoe and fishing tackle. ■

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Front cover—"Raccoons in a Cage" by Charles Culver. For details on the character and habits of the raccoon, see the story by George Heinold on page 45.

The TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.